

(hatt)

The following series of articles has been prepared by Harold A. Lett, Assistant Director of the Division Against Discrimination, New Jersey Department of Education, as a report of highlights of an Intercultural Travel Seminar conducted the summer of 1957 by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The series is not intended to be a travelogue nor a report of tourists' impressions; rather, they are intended to reflect human relations interests growing out of the combined experiences of the sixteen American citizens who participated in the Seminar.

LONDON, ENGLAND

For the fourth consecutive year, the National Conference of Christians and Jews organized its two Intercultural Travel Seminars, one of which pursued an itinerary of six weeks of travel in the Far East, and the other mapping an intensive schedule of visitation in Europe and the Middle East. As members of the latter group, a party of sixteen of us left New York on June 24 on a trip that was to take us into fifteen principal cities of twelve countries, and make it possible for us to meet important and interesting people in most of these countries.

As the name suggests, our group had a more serious purpose than just that of visiting and sight-seeing. Although we were recruited from various sections of the country, and represented different occupational and professional interests, all of us had a basic concern with the broader aspects of human relations. Six came from rural settings in central and southern Ohio, two being school teachers; one was a dentist from Cleveland; three were from Detroit, representing religious, social work and business backgrounds; a couple from New York consisted of a Negro Presbyterian clergyman and his wife, a celebrated vocal artist; and we from New Jersey were the writer and his wife, a public housing supervisor. On the surface, there was little in common among such a widely diversified group of interests--except that which originally had impelled them to enroll for the Seminar. We were to travel under the leadership of Dr. Robert B. Frelow, a Detroit clergyman, and his assistant, Miss Edith Way of Philadelphia, both being experienced European travellers.

Our first destination was London which was reached by way of Gander, Newfoundland, and Prestwick and Glasgow, Scotland. In London, our group had the exciting experience of viewing for the first time Hyde Park and "Rotten Row", Fleet Street and the Strand. We were given a very intensive tour of St. Paul's Cathedral by no less a person than the Rev. Canon Marcus Knight of the Cathedral; and we saw Westminster Abbey in all its majesty. However, the more serious purposes of our travels brought us for the greater part of one day to noted Toynbee Hall in London's under-privileged East End. Founded in 1884 by the uncle of the contemporary historian, this institution has brought material assistance, spiritual comfort and dedicated leadership to the poor of London for these many years. Located in the heart of the garment district of London, it also serves the many ethnic and racial groups who have settled in the dock area of London's East End. Here are the Maltese immigrants, the farm girls from Scotland and Wales, the colored British nationals from Jamaica, West India; from East and East Africa, and from India. We heard the history of the institution, saw some of the demonstrations of its work, and even sat in the sunken garden which residents and clients had so ingeniously created in the bombed-out basement shell immediately adjacent to the Hall. We joined a group of American and British teachers and scholars who had assembled in the Hall in one of the sessions of their American Seminar, an important annual event.

From these contacts, we were inspired to make further explorations in the East End. We were directed to one Father Neville, a priest of the Order of St. Francis, who is doing a highly commendable job against very serious handicaps in this section of London. We found him in a very simple and limited structure which was shared with two brothers of the Order. In two rooms of not more than 150 square feet, these devoted men were carrying on educational and recreational activities for the unattached and deprived newcomers to the district. Although we had been assured that London tolerates neither religious nor racial prejudice or discrimination, here we found ample evidence to refute these assurances.

There has been and there is racial tension in London! It stems from the usual causes, whether they be in Chicago, Illinois; Toronto, Canada; or London, England. Large numbers of people seeking jobs and better living conditions, are drawn to the centers where these things, hopefully, are obtainable. Older residents resent and resist competition for jobs, houses and recreational facilities. If these immigrants are of different race, hue, language or customs, this strangeness serves to accentuate the resentment and provide a convenient target. The newcomers in London's East End, therefore, are finding increasing difficulty in securing desirable employment, obtaining decent housing, in being received as fellow-citizens and neighbors. Instead there is restriction and discrimination in its various forms. To the average white citizen of London, there is no problem because it has not erupted into violence that would force itself into his notice; but to the dark-skinned victim, there is a problem--a serious problem.

Father Neville and his associates have seen and sensed the depth and seriousness of the problem, and together in a religious body of Christian and Jew, Catholic and Protestant, have made representations to the Stepney Borough Council and the London County Council. These two official bodies have been responsible for the erection

of a number of thoroughly modern housing developments not too dissimilar to public housing projects in the States. However, as West Indian and African nationals began coming to London in search of better living, these Councils enacted regulations making five-year residence in the borough a prerequisite to admission to the projects. This automatically eliminated virtually all the newcomers to whom had been bequeathed the very worst of London's housing facilities. Through the persistent efforts of religious leaders, the Stepney Borough Council is now planning a project in the heart of the East End's colored district. Upon completion of the project, occupancy will be assured members of these groups through operation of the regulations giving site residents top priority in admission.

Through the same combination of religious leadership, a Labor Exchange has been created which is doing a very similar job to that which the National Urban League has done in America for nearly a half century, namely, creating job openings for colored citizens through direct representation to and persuasion of employers. Great wisdom is being exhibited by Father Neville and his associates in their careful avoidance of racial concentration in districts, industries or job categories. It has been recognized that racial stereotyping arises from such concentration, and creates new evils which are even more difficult to eradicate than the original discrimination had proven to be.

Here too, we found the inevitable by-products of under-employment, poor housing and parish status of the racial newcomers. Prostitution was rife in the district, the activity containing all the appearances of an organized promotion of vice to exploit the loneliness and frustrations of the district residents. Almost inescapably, there is to be found the excessively high tuberculosis and venereal disease rates. With all these social problems, Toynbee Hall, Father Neville and other dedicated souls are struggling. Hopes of a reasonably early solution to the problems are entertained by these leaders, who recognize that in London and in England they are free of the emotional quality of racial traditions such as is seen in South Africa and in the United States of America.

As we walked in the district, we met and were greeted in broken English by Ahmed, a tall, slender, soft-spoken gentleman of color. He was a native of Somaliland, once an Italian colony on Africa's East Coast. He had come to London as a seaman and had elected to stay to improve his condition. He was one of many of his countrymen now residing in London. To prove the point, he conducted us to the tearoom of Ali, a handsome, highly intelligent young man who spoke fluent English. As we drank the hot syrupy tea served by Ali's pretty English wife, we discussed with the several men in the room, their experiences as residents of London. Here again was convincing evidence that discrimination actually exists. Yet there was neither anger nor bitterness in the recounting of their experiences; rather there was charity and hope--charity in that these acts were not seen as arising out of animus or fear, hence were amenable to change; hope, in that they were certain that British justice would prevail.

From Ali's tearoom, we stepped across the street into its counterpart, a shop operated, however, by and for Indians. These were not as communicative. Perhaps they were a bit suspicious. Our curiosity was never satisfied as to reasons. Just around the corner and less than a city block away, however, we found the tearoom of Macfold Howard, a Jamaican Negro who had come to London from the West Indies a number of years ago, also as a merchant seaman. Now with his pretty young West Indian wife and handsome child, he was making a comfortable living by providing this humble social meeting place for the West Indian and West African Negroes living in the district or coming to London on the merchant vessels. Eight or ten young men were in the shop during our visit and from them directly we learned of the many places about the globe they called home. Among them was a cinnamon-brown, bearded giant who prattled incessantly and almost unnoticed by his fellows, but who insisted upon being noticed by the writer and his wife. Physically, he was the type one would associate with adventurous stories of the high seas. Mentally he was a happy, imaginative child freely and ceaselessly bestowing upon all who would listen, the colorful incidents his imagination created for him.

As we walked away from the district, we looked into an inner housing court of postage-stamp proportions. We were attracted by two small, handsome children of dark olive hue, and then by their mother who could be seen through the open window to be busily engaged in preparation of a meal. She greeted us in friendly fashion, and in brief conversation we learned that she was born in Ethiopia and was married to a native of her neighboring country, Somaliland. Although these younger children were their offsprings, they had an older son who is a student of Engineering in an English University. Proud of his accomplishments though she was, the principal theme of her discussion was the fear that he may never have an opportunity to utilize his talents because of race prejudice.

COPENHAGEN

London presented to the Intercultural Travel Seminar, composed as it was of sixteen United States citizens from mid-western and eastern states, many new scenes and experiences which may not be recounted in these brief articles. Three days seemed like a week, and yet the plane trip to the second place on the itinerary, Copenhagen, Denmark, came much too soon. An unscheduled stop in Hamburg brought the party into Copenhagen in mid-afternoon on Friday, rather than at noon as expected. It was just the proper time, however, in which to get the first view of the bicycle brigade which at that hour descends upon the streets of Copenhagen like a swarm of locusts. Bicycles of every size and shape and description; motorcycles, motor-bikes and buzz-bikes; and pint-sized European cars of every make, filled the streets almost literally from curb to curb. The plight of a pedestrian was one of extreme hazard; the test of an auto driver's nerves beyond anything American thoroughfares have to present. Particularly amusing were the high, black, almost stately bicycles which are to be found only in Copenhagen. They could be numbered in the thousands as a particular kind of local trademark. They had the quality of imparting to their riders an air of stiff-backed, almost royal dignity, and it seemed that those who mounted them did so with intentions of strutting, in a sitting position, with complete disdain for those who dared travel afoot.

Copenhagen was clean, bright, refreshingly gay. Just a day is required to cause one to fall in love with it. Even plodding through miles of corridors, rooms and grounds of the numerous castles found in its vicinity, failed to dull its enchantment. And, these castles are no small item in the lives of the Danes. In a nation that has moved far in the direction of Socialism, there is an amusing yet highly intriguing inclination on the part of the Danes to live with the glories--and the peccadilloes--of their royalty, past and present. We visited Rosenborg Castle, Frederiksborg Castle and Kronborg Castle. We lived again the adventures of other ages, gazed upon the murals and the portraits executed by forgotten artists, and explored the gloomy depths of the corridor and court which inspired Shakespeare to write of Hamlet, the melancholy Dane.

It was in the Danish community of Nykøbing where the group met with a panel of religious leaders, after a very interesting session with a public official whose title and duty would be unacceptable to the American citizen. She was Bodil Kock, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs for the country of Denmark. As the title would imply, she is a political officer of cabinet rank in national affairs whose duty it is to regulate and supervise the practices of religion in the nation. It was something of a shock to our party to meet face-to-face the symbol of the State's direct, official control of the Church. In Denmark, the State completely finances the State Church, which is the Evangelical Lutheran denomination; and extends to other "recognized" denominations some material aid. The State Church is financed through assessment of all persons who through birth, confession or tradition are supposed to be members of the Church. The "recognized" congregations are those of other faiths and denominations who are of sufficient numbers to deserve recognition by the Crown, through the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs.

The existence of a State Church means, of course, that the State religion is taught in the public schools of the country. Non-conformists have the right to withdraw their children from such classes, because Denmark does respect the right of freedom of religious expression despite the existence of a State church. Nevertheless, Minister Kock admitted that she was not a member of the clergy; that rulings of her Department in ecclesiastical affairs are made without benefit of clergy; and that religion is taught in the public schools by school teachers who are not clergymen and who have not had the benefit of special training in religious education. Neither are their teachings supervised in any way by members of the clergy.

These disclosures by the Minister served to heighten the group's interest in the later discussion by a panel of distinguished Danes. Was there agreement by these men that State supervision meant freedom of religion? Was regulation by a political Ministry in any way interfering with religious expression or serving to dilute the spiritual experiences of a nation of people? These and many other questions assailed us, and later, our speakers, as we attempted to wrestle with concepts entirely new and somewhat distasteful to a group of Americans.

Our panel was composed of Dr. Helvig Petersen, director of World Friendship Association and the headmaster of Nykøbing Public Schools; Pastor Kragh-Schwarz of the Nykøbing Evangelical Lutheran Church; Jules Margolinsky, secretary of the Jewish Library in Denmark; and Pastor Ib Anderson, the Roman Catholic priest of St. Ansgar Church in Nykøbing.

There was unanimity from the outset, that in no way does the government of Denmark intrude upon the religious expression or local administration of any faith or denomination. The very charming young Danish priest stated that before the adoption of the new Danish constitution in 1849, there was not a single professed Catholic in Denmark. Today there are 26,000 Roman Catholics in the country, and 11,000 in Copenhagen. However, there are very few parochial schools in the country, despite subsidies which the state provides for such schools, which are listed officially as "private school". Father Anderson lamented that there has been little change in the number of Catholics in Denmark because of the large number of inter-faith marriages which serve to cancel out the expected increase through births and conversions.

The Lutheran pastor explained that state controls affect only the external affairs of the church; yet he admitted that doctrine within the state church is established by the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, but only after "deliberation" with the Bishops of the church. Administration of the local parish is accomplished through the election every four years of a parish council. This council may be composed of as few as nine or as many as fifty members, but all are elected by the votes of church members. This local council will nominate its choice of three candidates for pastor, one of whom is appointed by the King, presumably upon the suggestion or advice of the Minister.

Does this make for a strong Church? Apparently not. All of the speakers admitted that church attendance is extremely low. The Evangelical Lutheran attendance is approximately three per cent of recorded membership; the Roman Catholic, 40% or less. A Danish official stated rather wistfully that he felt the Lutheran Church in all probability "would be stronger if it were free", implying that assumption of financial responsibility and paternal supervision by the State had lessened public participation, and robbed the church of its vitality. The priest made the assertion that the Danish people were "spoiled" by the system of state subsidies, and even though these subsidies did not come to the aid of his parish, nevertheless members of his congregation had adopted the same spiritual shoulder-shrugging where personal responsibility was concerned.

Mr. Margolinsky stated that in Copenhagen there are but 1500 Jewish families of approximately 6,000 persons. This is the only Jewish community in Denmark today, but there are ten Jewish cemeteries in Danish towns as the only memory of more than 2,000 Jews who once were dispersed throughout the country. The present citizens represent several generations of Jews whose fathers had migrated to Denmark from many countries of Europe. These worship in a beautiful synagogue that was built in 1833, and they maintain a parochial school and a B'nai B'rith Lodge in Copenhagen.

Co-existence in Denmark is on a very high plane, but Mr. Margolinsky joined the Roman Catholic priest in bewailing the number of inter-faith marriages and consequent leakage from the religious community. All the panel members appeared to concur in the observation of the Jewish spokesman that it is easy to practice inter-faith tolerance when the minority already is small and continually declining.

These revelations gave rise to many other questions. What about the crime rate, juvenile delinquency, public morals? Is there any correlation between the disinterest in religious observances, and moral conditions in the state community? All agreed that Denmark has a very low crime rate, and juvenile delinquency as we see it manifested in the American scene is practically unknown. There is a high incidence of out-of-wedlock births, and this goes hand in hand with extra-marital union among young people. What would appear to be the achievement of full circle is the report of an excessively high divorce rate. None of the speakers was willing to link these social manifestations with church experiences or influences.

We connected our visit to Elsinore, and the castle immortalized by "Hamlet", with a stop at the International People's College, one of the world's very successful experiments in organized adult education. It was founded in 1921, growing out of the dreams and plans of Nicolai Frederick Grundtvig, Denmark's great, creative genius of the nineteenth century who conceived the form of the folk high school here realized. It has as its purpose a two-fold objective. First is that of providing for the youth of Denmark an educational experience geared to the domestic and international climate in which they find themselves. Secondly, its international appeal serves to bridge the gap between nations and cultures by bringing students of various countries to meet and study together. It operates upon the assumption that the most receptive age in which to achieve these aims is the 18-25 year span, after the individual has begun to live his adult life and to begin to shape his destiny.

Many of these young people from several countries of the world were on campus the day of our visit. This fact did not prevent the eminent director of the school from meeting with us beneath the shade of one of the many beautiful trees dotting the campus. Dr. Peter Manniche spoke to us at length about the history of the school and its accomplishments. Current enrollment of the school was seventy young people, twenty of whom came from foreign countries. We were able to see, during the active recreation period, students from India, Indonesia, Japan and others not so easily identified. Dr. Manniche estimated that at least half of the sons and daughters of Danish farmers of the day were products of this folk high school, and as such, had received training especially designed to equip them for efficient service to the cooperative movement in Denmark. As many as 92% of Danish farmers are in cooperative associations. Not less than 95% of all milk and hogs produced by Danish farms are sent to cooperative processors, and 50% of all farm capital comes from cooperative credit societies.

When questioned about the socialistic implications of such operations, Dr. Manniche pointed out that only 2,000 farmers in all Denmark have more than 120 acres of land, and none of these could be considered as large land owners. Thus, the great majority of farmers have operations too small for independent operation. The cooperative was seen to be their salvation, permitting joint purchasing, promotion, processing and sales as it does. To a nation of four million people residing in an area about twice the size of the State of Massachusetts, and possessing only one natural resource, its arable soil, this intensive type of organization has been inescapable.

BERLIN

The party of sixteen American travellers participating in the Intercultural Travel Seminar, was loathe to accept the brevity of the three-and-one-half days scheduled for our visit in Berlin. The National Conference of Christians and Jews had arranged the itinerary for the entire six-weeks' tour, but also had seen to the building of a local, hour-by-hour program designed to test the mettle of the most eager of us. Berlin was a shining example of the hopefulness of our mentors, and the stamina of ourselves. For during that limited period of time, we visited both East and West Berlin, conferred with public officials of both parts of this tragically divided city, discussed politics and religion with two very prominent churchmen, heard an opera, a play presented by a talented little theater group, then reviewed the play and our experiences in a pleasant social evening with the last of the Hohenzollerns, Prince Louis Ferdinand von Prussia, grandson of the late Kaiser.

Probst D. Grüber, who is the ranking official in the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Germany, greeted us in his West Berlin office. This location must be specified, because he also was present to greet us in the Rathaus or Town Hall in East Berlin and to conduct us through the church in East Berlin which he pastors. He was one of the original movers of the World Brotherhood movement, because of a deep and profound belief in the interdependence of peoples of all faiths, nations and races. Because of his defense of the rights of Jews during the days of Hitler's ascendancy, he was caused to spend many months in concentration camps until liberated by the Russians near the close of the War. Continuing his work in intercultural understanding, he has organized in West Berlin an interfaith coordinating body in a voluntary association, in which Evangelical Lutheran, Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, Anglican leadership have joined with Jews in promotion of brotherhood. In discussing the outlook for post-War Germany, Dr. Grüber said: "It is difficult for the Jew to forget his suffering, and the Christian church to forget its guilt, but it will be impossible fully to face the future unless we can forget the past."

He insisted that "the greatest danger to the German people is nationalism and militarism—not Communism. Today the German people are getting sleepy again and are being swayed by false leadership." This last was a reference to what Dr. Grüber referred to as a resurgence of the Nazi spirit in Germany.

Bürgermeister Franz Amrehn, the deputy mayor of West Berlin, addressed our group an hour later, and his remarks were in sharp disagreement with these views of Dr. Grüber. While, for different reasons, he agreed that there was little danger of Germany becoming Communist, he denied that the Nazi spirit was alive in West Germany. He said: "The awareness and the guilt feeling of the German people, and their need for spiritual restoration, promises the complete and permanent demise of anti-Semitism". He admitted that isolated signs of religious intolerance could be seen, but that there was no evidence of any kind of organized movement. As though giving tenuous assent to these remarks, the Freedom Bell donated by the voluntary contributions of thousands of American citizens, flooded the Town Hall meeting room in which we were assembled, with its mellow tones.

Herr Amrehn's remarks were informative, hopeful and interesting. He told of free elections in understandable and believable statistics; of residential buildings being erected; of business and industrial rehabilitation; and of the hopes of the German people of re-establishing themselves in the eyes of a peaceful world. These remarks were in such sharp contrast to the substance and tone of those we were to hear the following morning.

In West Berlin, we saw occasional reminders of the saturation bombing to which the whole city had been subjected. But, in addition, we saw evidence of years of hard work, and continued feverish activity, in restoring the city to some semblance of its former glory. However, our passage down the famed Unter den Linden, through the Brandenburg gate into East Berlin, and along Stalinallee, was a shocking experience. Here for the first time, a group of sheltered Americans was able to visualize the real meaning of War; because in East Berlin there has not been the same degree of concern with the completion of demolition, and rebuilding the destroyed areas. Twelve years later, the skeletons of once-proud structures stood cold and lonely, with rubble still piled around their knees. As if to accentuate this picture of desolation with a show of glaring contrast, the Communists had planted row upon row of flowers in the boulevard island and curb-strips, in front of the facing rows of business buildings and apartments erected along Stalinallee. To the right and left of this narrow island of Russian-style architecture, there were destruction and desolation.

Through streets swept spotlessly clean of the rubble and debris which was piled high on either side, we approached the Rathaus, or Town Hall, of East Berlin. It, too, had been levelled by bombs, but with great ostentation it had been restored to a state so ornate that members of our party did not recognize it as a Town Hall until much later. Marble walls and floors, gold leaf decorations, gold velvet chair covers and drapes, and thick red carpets imparted a spirit of pomp and display.

that was incongruous in the macabre setting. From the balcony of this glittering, new building, we looked out upon the massive concrete blocks, lying amidst smaller rubble, which marked the spot in which Hitler was supposed to have met his death. To the right and to the left of this spot there lay block after city block of ruins, with Pastor Orübert's church standing frail and alone as a humble reminder of a shameful past.

Herr Thiele represented the Lord Mayor of East Berlin in greeting our group. With him as representatives of various cultural interests of the city were Eric Laal, Director of Ecclesiastical and Religious Affairs of East Germany, and Rabbi Riesenburger, pastor of a Jewish synagogue in East Berlin which was rebuilt in 1953 by the East German Government. Neither of these guests was given an opportunity to say even a word of greeting.

In sharp contrast to the informative talk given by the West Berlin official, Herr Thiele's words were heavily weighted with propaganda. For instance, his initial greeting was, "I'm sure you didn't see any Iron Curtain as you entered East Berlin. We are very glad to see you, but we don't like to see some of the people who come. There are more than 80 organizations dedicated to espionage and sabotage and we are trying to save ourselves from them." His solution to the cold war situation was simple: "This we know is the best way of life and ultimately we will win out; so we know that peaceful co-existence will prevail."

With reference to conditions in West Berlin, Herr Thiele stated in positive terms that old Nazis have come into public positions and leadership in West Berlin with the result that anti-Semitism is showing its ugly head. He made the significant comment, "We don't like the kind of Democracy in which all kinds of opinions are freely expressed, but we would be happy if the people of West Berlin would also speak out against militarism, anti-Semitism and Fascism."

Our group was shown every courtesy by Herr Thiele and his associates, and we were served cold drinks before being given a tour of the new and shining building. We were permitted to take photographs from the balconies and windows, and within the building itself without hindrance. It was not until we made our return to the Bradenburg Gate on our way back to West Berlin, that we discovered that unknown guests had attached themselves to our party in the role of unofficial, uncommunicative, but highly attentive guides. As they detached themselves from our party at the Gate, we suddenly found ourselves inquiring all about "who were they?". There was no authoritative answer. We couldn't help but think of the old adage about eavesdroppers and what they hear!

We visited Amerika Haus, headquarters of the United States Information Service, and met the brilliant, young Haverford graduate, Ted Curran, the acting director. It was our pleasure again, a night later, to meet Mr. Curran with a group of Americans who entertained a part of our group in a lawn party in the American sector of Berlin. We also visited one of the West Berlin refugee or escapee camps, in the course of which three of our party were permitted to sit in on the confidential screening session of the camp's Presidium. Here we saw camp officers grilling a recent escapee from East Berlin, one of the 500 persons a day who form the steady stream from the Eastern or Soviet part of the city, into the West.

The Generalvikar of the Roman Catholic Church in Berlin, Prälat Dr. Prümge told us that in all Berlin there are presently approximately 400,000 Roman Catholic communicants, of which number about 140,000 are in East Berlin. In the Communist area of Berlin and of East Germany, it is impossible for the Church to exchange or replace priests who for any reason must leave their parishes. Vacancies caused by death or removal may be replaced only from the student body of the single seminary in the eastern zone, it having a total student body of 70 which in turn is not being replenished. Thus under the present political regime attrition threatens the life of the Roman Catholic Church in eastern Germany.

We were kept very busy during our brief stay in Berlin. We had many experiences, intellectual and emotional. Upon some of us, however, nothing made a more lasting or sobering impression than did two massive stone and mortar monuments which today stand out prominently in the heart of West Berlin, as reminders of man's great genius for destruction. They are the ruins of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church standing at the foot of one of the most famous streets in the world, The Kurfürstendamm; and the bleak, empty shell that once embraced the massive and beautiful Jewish Synagogue, one block removed from the same famous thoroughfare. The former crumbled under the blows of allied bombing during the height of the War; the latter stands as a reminder of the bestiality of the Storm Troopers of that Germany of another day. Both of these sullied monuments to Man's faith in a Supreme Being, are being restored in the very near future, by the West German government;

VIENNA - ISTANBUL

From Berlin and its ideological conflict between East and West, our Intercultural Travel Seminar composed of sixteen American citizens, travelled to Vienna, by way of Munich. A brief stopover in this historic town gave us an opportunity to see its outstanding points of interest through the windows of a sight-seeing bus. It was in Vienna, though, where we were re-introduced in even fuller measure to the problems of uprooted humanity.

Austria has become the reception point for over 500,000 refugees from behind the Iron Curtain. Approximately 250,000 of these have become Austrian citizens, but the balance are still the unstabilized escapees who as yet have found no roots and are living with the frustrations which accompany the act of divorcing one culture before being accepted in the other. Among these unfortunate people are approximately 40,000 "unaccompanied youth", the term employed by social scientists in Austria to identify the teenagers who flooded into Austria as an aftermath of the aborted Hungarian revolt. It is among these young people, separated from their families and elders, as the appellation implies, that the really serious problems of maladjustment, frustration and delinquency are to be found.

Our Seminar group had the privilege of meeting, in three separate sessions, several of the outstanding scientists who form the study team attempting to find answers to this problem. Dr. Janus Paal, a Hungarian psychiatrist, and his wife, Dr. Lydia Paal, a psychiatric social worker, were the first to speak to our group. Dr. Charlotte M. Teuber, an Austrian scientist; Dr. Harold Leopold-Loewenthal and Dr. Hans Strotzka also of Austria were other members of the team. They told the story of the "unaccompanied youth", many of whom actually were among the Hungarian freedom-fighters, and were bearing arms when they crossed the border into Austria. Others, however, were the restless, adventurous or romantic-minded youngsters who wanted to be identified with the glamour of the freedom-fighter, just as many of our American youth in eastern cities become the "drugstore cowboys". It was found, too, that many Austrian youth who lived near the Hungarian border joined this roving band of excitement seekers, finding this an attractive means of escaping home and community conditions with which they long had been dissatisfied.

While the social scientists were trying to classify these youths, find answers to their emotional problems, and aid them find goals and satisfaction, it was the task of the Vienna police department to maintain security checks and reasonable control of a constantly shifting, rootless population of such dimension. Dr. Anton Straks, Police Commissioner for Youth, is a highly trained sociologist who brings to his job great breadth of understanding of human frailties. He described the three stages of the refugee movement successively as the first, upon the initial outbreak of the revolution in Hungary, in which the well-to-do and the restless represented the first wave. These were people who had wanted to escape long before the outbreak of fighting, but found this conflict providing the needed impetus. Among these, also were Communists seeking escape, and those infiltrating as a fifth-column advance-guard. The second wave were the freedom-fighters who were escaping reprisals, after the armed intervention of Russia. Thirdly were the scattered remnants of the more hardy resistance fighters, coming from the far places behind the Iron Curtain.

The difficult job confronting the police was that, first, of providing the necessary food and shelter for all, without regard to their motivations or status. Secondly came the task of registering and screening the newcomers, and the issuance of the "grey card" which served as their passport within Austria, or more properly, their identification card. Here, then, came the task of separating honest refugees from the fifth-column opportunists, before the slightest effort could be given to the equally important task of separating stable and responsible persons, from those who were irresponsible, and even criminal.

Our visit to Vienna, obviously, was not confined to such heavy fare as was offered by these and other discussion leaders who gave to us their valuable time and effort. We rested upon the banks of the "blue Danube", which in reality was a very muddy, swiftly moving stream of impressive dimensions; we travelled through the marble halls of Schönbrunn Castle where Marie Theresa and Marie Antoinette first saw the light of day; we marvelled at the beauties of Belvedere, the summer palace of Prince Eugenio of Savoy; and we breathed the romantic air of the world-renowned Vienna Woods which inspired the works of many great artists in the world of music. We also saw in the heart of Vienna, close upon the banks of the Danube, the monstrosity which the recently departed Russian troops left as a memorial to their long visit. It is a tall, red-tinted obelisk of cement or stone, surmounted by the massive red star of Communist Russia. To the beauty-loving Austrian, this hideous reminder of the unhappy days of the Occupation, is a bitter insult. Why not remove it? Because it is written in their Peace Treaty with Russia that it must remain undisturbed. The Viennese answer is exactly that--not to disturb it in any fashion. Consequently, the paint is peeling and the marks of weather which already deface the monument, are pointed out gleefully by the resentful Austrians as a return of the insult, in indirect and subtle fashion.

The flight to Istanbul gave us the thrill of distant view of the snow-capped Alps to the south of us, and of the moldering Danube beneath us as it found its way to the Black Sea through the unbelievably rugged terrain of the Balkan countries. Our reception in Istanbul, after nightfall, was a promise of the thrills to come. Our bus was a rickety, creaking vehicle entrusted to the care of a wild man parading as a chauffeur. Through the darkness from the airport, we bounced over rough, cobblestone roads and city streets, careening around blind corners into narrow streets barely able to accommodate with width of the bus, plus one pedestrian, and finally coming to a stop before the imposing glass front of the ultra-modern Hilton-Istanbul, our home for four days. Here, finally, was to be found the color, the excitement, the contrast of the Orient, and it was difficult to wait until the morning to see Istanbul--the Constantinople of old. Yet, when the writer awoke to the brightness of the morning sun, and stepped out upon the balcony to his room, there in the beautifully kept hotel garden flew Old Glory in the brisk breeze coming off the Bosphorus. We confess that a lump came to our throats at the brave sight.

Our several days in Istanbul coincided with a Moslem festival which poured thousands of people upon the streets and in public places throughout our stay. They were a rolling crowd, a friendly crowd, and the most orderly and peaceful crowd one would ever hope to see. Wherever we went, we were recognized as Americans, and were greeted with smiles and salutations. Persons possessing knowledge of English made it a point to speak to us, volunteer directions or information, display neighborly concern. Nowhere did we see disorder, drunkenness or discourtesy. The only anti-social creatures to be found among the thousands of people encountered were the homicidal drivers of Istanbul taxicabs. New York cabbies are children at play; their Parisian counterparts benign baby-sitters, compared to these pilots of doom. Our introductory bus ride was but a hint of what we were to endure.

One of our excursions, was a boat ride upon the Sea of Marmarato the island known locally as Haybeli Ada (to members of our party it became the more easily remembered "Haybolly Island"). Here resides the Patriarch of the Eastern-Orthodox Church, His Holiness Athanasios, one of the most impressive persons it has been our pleasure to meet. His residence and seminary for the training of priests-to-be, was located on the highest point of the hilly island, several hundred feet above sea level. Our party was divided and allocated to several surreys, each pulled by two small, undernourished ponies whose destiny in life appeared to be that of transporting gaping tourists from sea-level to mountain top over rough and slippery cobblestone roads. It was an act of severe self-discipline to remain seated in the vehicle while the diminutive horses struggled, slipped and stumbled up the very steep incline.

His Holiness greeted us effusively, yet in such dignity, that we were placed at ease immediately. He spoke with pride of the seminary which had in residence at the time more than 100 students from all parts of the world. He himself has travelled throughout the world, but was most enthusiastic about his experiences in the United States where he had held citizenship until he was called to assume the duties of his present high office. This act, and this alone, was all that could have made him renounce his American citizenship. His deep and unquestioning faith in America, her destiny and her great meaning to the rest of the world, caused many of us to have a feeling of humility, inadequacy, even unworthiness. At no time could there be the slightest doubt of his sincerity as he spoke so feelingly of Home.

He was a kindly giant of a man whose great height and massive figure were accentuated by the long black robe and the tall stovepipe headgear which characterizes the Eastern Orthodox priesthood. He was born in a part of Greece which was under Turkish rule, and during a vigorous life in quest of God and freedom, he was involved in many of the revolutions and conflicts which seem indelible to the Balkans. Today, he sees his particular role in the leadership of his numerous flock, to be that particularly of "bringing some fresh air" to the members of his faith who are behind the Iron Curtain in Russia and Rumania.

By the time we had exhausted more than three hours in discussion with him, we were forced to the conclusion that this gentle, scholarly gentleman was homesick for America and Americans, and we were the fortunate ones upon whom he could shower his affection and benedictions. A seven-course luncheon was served us, with the one unhappy provision that the ladies of the party were called upon to eat in a separate room, with a layman of the faith serving as host, while we of male persuasion enjoyed the warmth of the Patriarch's presence. Before our leaving, he made a statement that will be remembered by us for a long time, both as a fervent hope and prayer as well as a statement of simple faith. His Holiness, in his closing comment about America and her greatness said, "The Atomic Bomb is a blessing given to America for the benefit of humanity; I do not expect nor suppose that it will ever be used for War." In the tones of a benediction the Patriarch said, "In all previous civilizations, strong nations have striven to monopolize and dominate the world. America's purpose, and destiny, are not to monopolize, but to share with the world her concept of personal liberty."

His faith was so strong and deep; his memories of America so unblemished; his belief so unshaken, that none of us had the will or the nerve to ask his opinion of the behavior of many of our Senators or of the southern Citizens Councils as they respond to the demands of millions of Americans who seek the freedom which America symbolizes to so much of the world.

EGYPT - JORDAN

One strong first impression arising from travel in Europe and the Middle East, is the close proximity of such vastly different cultures. We of the United States are accustomed to distances in which several hours' flight in any direction will bring us down among fellow-countrymen. From Copenhagen to Vienna to Istanbul to Cairo represented striking changes in atmosphere in no more than two or three hours successive flights. From Istanbul to Cairo was a brief hop over the Mediterranean, but as we circled for a landing over the desert area in which the airport was located, again we found ourselves in a completely alien world. Then for three and a half days, we had the task of absorbing the information which rushed in upon us endlessly.

The lush vegetation of the Nile Valley and the sharp line of division between it and the desert, represented but one of the contrasts so difficult for us to accept. The modernism of our beautiful hotel on the banks of the Nile, seemed out of place in contrast to impressions created by the building laborers across the street, who with their shoulder baskets and filthy robes used tools and methods as old as the pyramids. The bustling traffic in Cairo streets, displaying the first full-sized American cars we had seen in any number, was in sharp contrast to the laden burros and the donkey carts to be seen everywhere. The snappy Western dress of Egyptian officials and businessmen, seemed worlds apart from the turban and robes of Arabs sleeping blissfully on the crowded sidewalks and boulevard islands, heedless of the flies exploring their features.

While it would be impossible and unfair to say that Cairo was inhospitable, it is a fact that we met no officials or prominent laymen while there, and that the people in public places seemed immune to our western charms and indifferent to our presence--that is, all but the self-appointed guides and the street vendors. They recognized us immediately as fair game, and trained all their weapons upon us. Only our gracious and gifted guides, Abou and Macrum, seemed to care at all what happened to us. Only in London had we encountered this cosmopolitan impersonality.

Reports of the experiences of our Intercultural Travel Seminar, as they related to Cairo, would be limited largely to sight-seeing reactions, and observations coming from casual conversations. From these we gleaned that Colonel Nasser has been assigned a place in the hearts of his countrymen, second only to Mohammed himself; there was one of our party who drew the comparison of another phenomenon in the recent past, when the Italian people similarly defied Mussolini. There is a striking similarity in circumstances and manifestations.

Our stay in Cairo was marked by two situations of world-wide importance which centered in this cross-roads of the East. Nasser's widely heralded Industrial Exposition opened in the exhibition grounds just across the Nile from our hotel. All about us in the lobby, the dining pavilion, and the veranda, were dignitaries from many parts of the Orient who were there to view that which Egypt is offering to nations of the East. At the same time, we had pointed out to us other dignitaries who had come to pay last respects to the late Aga Khan whose remains were being interred in the Cairo area at this same time. Later, we were to see in Geneva, the villa on the lake shore, where the Aga Khan passed away.

It was the good fortune of the writer to meet, on separate occasions, two completely homesick Americans who were abroad in the service of their country. One was Mrs. Edith Lord who was in Cairo momentarily, on her way home for her first leave since 1952. She was returning from the foreign service in Ethiopia, and to her even Cairo seemed close to Broadway. She was born in Newark, raised in Indiana, and calls New York "home"; needless to say, a strong bond was established just on these grounds. The second nostalgic westerner was Ralph Phillips, a junior officer in the American Embassy in Cairo. He is a Californian, but well-travelled in the States so that we found that we shared a number of mutual friends. It was our pleasure to spend a delightful evening with him and his wife in their charming penthouse apartment. With all these experiences, including sailing in feluccas on the Nile, having luncheon at the fabulous Mena House in the shadow of the pyramids, and viewing fireworks from the Semiramis Hotel roof-garden, our visit to Cairo was all too brief.

Our next move was to Jerusalem, Jordan. There was brief concern for one of our party who had been denied a visa to Jordan because she was suspected of being a Jew. A rather ironic twist to the whole thing was that she is an American Negro, a descendant of slaves in America; that she is a celebrated vocal artist, who, I am sure includes "Go Down Moses" in her repertoire; and that the line of travel followed by our plans roughly corresponded to the long journey of Moses and the Israelites in their escape from slavery in Egypt. At any rate, could it be through such links, that some psychic Jordanian suspected kinship? What took Moses years to accomplish in traversing the rugged wilderness of the Sinai, we accomplished in less than three hours. Mt. Sinai was clearly visible to the south, and the troubled area of Suez and the Red Sea which unfolded below offered strong temptations to the shutterbugs in the crowd, despite warning from the police crowd.

Jordan was a challenge, a shock, a delight all in one. A Jordanian student on the plane gave us a preview of what to expect. He was violently anti-Semitic, blindly anti-American, volubly a disciple of pan-Islam. Nothing could convince him that Truman, Wall Street, all American newspapers, the Senate, and the U. S. Armed Forces were not the willing tools of a nefarious international financial conspiracy who would America provide Israel with boundless wealth, machinery, arms, and give to the poor Arabs nothing but the back of her hand. We were to hear more restrained but no less emphatic versions of of the same theme--from our guides, from a visiting jurist invited to address us, and from a successful businessman of Armenian heritage but of Jordanian citizenship, who is a refugee from the Israeli side of Jerusalem. One was almost compelled to believe, under the force of these emotional outpourings, that Jews had never been in the Holy Land before the present "invasion"; had appropriated the silver of geography known as Israel, by sheer force of numbers and of military might; that the Palestinian war of 1948 was inspired, provoked and waged exclusively and alone by the Israeli without even token opposition from the Arabs; and that what the Israeli had literally stolen from the Arabs was the rich, highly cultivated center of culture of the Arab world.

To heighten the effect of these recitations, we found upon entry into Jerusalem that the road followed closely the "no man's land" of demarcation between Israel and Jordan. The buildings of Jordan-Jerusalem were completely equipped with iron window bars. Our first impression was that we had entered a prison colony. No more than two "stone-throw" away, were the homes of Israeli. Here there were no window bars--not even screens in many instances. At night, from our hotel balcony, we looked out upon the band of darkness which separated the two fields of light representing on the left, the homes of Jordanians, and on the right those of Israeli. At this point there were no fences, no armed guards, no tanks--nothing that would suggest a state of war or danger of mid-night raids. Yet, in the heart of the city of Jerusalem, Jordan soldiers could be seen at command posts at various points along the old wall of Jerusalem which separated Arab from Jew.

We were able to lose sight of reminders of conflict, as our Christian Arab guide took us to the many points of interest in the Holy Land in Jordan. With him, we entered upon the Via Dolorosa where we purchased a rosary for a Roman Catholic friend in the States; with him we walked the stations of the cross to the places where tradition claims that Jesus Christ was crucified and laid in his tomb. With David we saw Bethany, the House of Sorrow and the deep tomb from which Lazarus was summoned by the Lord Jesus. We saw Arab women and girls at Elisha's Fountain bearing upon their heads the earthenware bottles of water as their forebears did centuries ago; this time, however, they were returning to the Arab refugee camp where several thousand persons were quartered. We rambled through the narrow streets of the ancient Jewish ghetto of old Jerusalem, to the wailing wall where now no Jews may raise their voices in lamentation. We stood at the base of the Mount of Olives and feasted our eyes on the beauty of the Garden of Gethsemane where still stand olive trees which lived in the time of Christ. In Bethlehem, we explored the church of the Nativity, from the cave in its bowels where is found the manger in which the Christ-child lay, to the balcony from which we could see the bleak Judean hills upon which "The shepherds watched their flocks by night".

As we travelled the countryside, everywhere we were impressed with the bleakness of the country. The endless hills with their outcropping of limestone rocks, bore nothing visible. The occasional herd of goats tended by Bedouins whose black tents were to be seen from time to time, represented the only signs of life for miles between Arab villages. In the villages, we frequently were followed by unkempt children whining the "bakshesh" plea we had learned to expect during our stay in Cairo. As in the Egyptian countryside, we saw frequent signs of trachoma, the widely prevalent eye infection which causes much blindness in the Middle East. Whether in the country or the village, our constant impression was that of poverty, indolence, purposelessness, despair. And yet, there was wistful appeal in the shy glance of a partially veiled woman, the wheedling child or the passing Arab on donkey back. One did not get the impression of a warlike people, even in the bearing of the armed soldiery who appeared at the most unexpected moments and places.

Like "a certain man", we too went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. We were not set upon by thieves, but we did come to an inn--or rather, where an inn had once been. It has been known in modern history as the Inn of the Good Samaritan. Today it houses a troop of Arab soldiers, and they hastened to inform us that pictures may not be taken of this historic spot because of its military nature. Yet, a smile and a question directed to the commanding officer, brought a smiling response and invitation to take the forbidden pictures--providing, of course, a copy of the print would be mailed to him. This unfulfilled promise is next on our agenda.

The solemn nature of our visits to Holy places, and the delightful contact with the Arab people were all but completely erased by the shocking experience of passing from the one side of Jerusalem, to the other; from Jordan to Israel. Frequent references to the Mandelbaum Gate had led us to expect something similar to the Brandenburg Gate we had

seen in Berlin. We had become aware of the impenetrable nature of "no man's land" between the countries, because it had been impossible to telephone, wire, write or send messages to a family just a few city blocks away, in Jerusalem-Israel, while we were in Jordan. But when the time came for us to leave Jordan and enter Israel, we were taken by bus to a narrow street very similar to other narrow streets we had seen, except that this one was studded with concrete tank barriers. Our baggage was dumped uncereemoniously within the entrance to this street, from whence it was carried by hand to the other end. There it was reloaded upon limousines which came to claim us. No communication, no amenities, no courtesies between officials on either side--just the dumping of objects by mute, deaf, blind conductors, we being the gaping, aghast objects going through the transfer process. Such is the atmosphere in which hope of peace is being sought by the hopeful.

ISRAEL

Our Intercultural Travel Seminar, composed of sixteen people from various parts of the United States and sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, saw many new sights and experienced many thrills in the course of our six-weeks' journey in Europe and the Middle East. Without a doubt, we received our greatest impact of shock, surprise or emotional reaction during the ten days spent in the Holy Land. It was not the past and its memory which left this impact; it was the present and its contrasts and incongruities. Passage through the Mandelbaum Gate, described in the preceding article was one example. The other lay in the striking contrasts observed on opposite sides of the Wall of Jerusalem, which exists as a concrete, tangible and timeless reminder of the social, economic and political wall standing between two related peoples, the Arab and the Jew.

In Jordan, we lived from hour to hour and day to day in the dim past of biblical history. There was little to disturb this sojourn with the prophets and the apostles of old. Modern gadgets, equipment, ways of life did not thrust themselves into our consciousness frequently enough to remind us of the present. Whether in the narrow, winding streets with their tiny shops, or upon the roads winding tortuously through the Palestinian hills, all was as it had been pictured to us years ago in our Sunday School lessons. In Jordan, we did not know what lay across the wall.

Our introduction to Israel was, at the outset, a tour of the city of Jerusalem on the western side of the great Wall of Jerusalem and no-man's land. The center of the city was similar to the Jordan side; it was, of course, that part of Old Jerusalem. From that point on, however, there were but few resemblances to Jordan or reminders of the past. After our tour of Jerusalem, we were driven to our place of abode, the beautiful Sharon House north of Tel Aviv, built upon a bluff overlooking the blue Mediterranean. This was to be our base of operations for several days, during which time we would have the opportunity of seeing the State of Israel from the north shore of the Sea of Galilee in the north, to the northern fringe of the Negev in the south. We were to see Tel Aviv, Haifa, Caesarea, Acre and Nazareth and many points of interest in each far too numerous to mention in these articles. We were to see, also, how imagination, intelligence and hard work could heal the wounds inflicted upon Nature by centuries of man's neglect of her resources. As we saw these things in Israel, we remembered what we had seen on the other side of the wall, and we were troubled. Because it is in this contrast that may be found one of the almost insurmountable barriers separating the peoples of the Middle East.

Nowhere in the modern world can be found a more single-purposed dedication to the slogan "A people should make their own bread" than we found in Israel. Before World War I, Palestine was the home of over 100,000 Jews. During the War, Turkey, the ruling power of the Arab world, became an ally of the axis powers, and an enemy of all with Western sympathies. Through crusades patterned after the old Russian pogroms, the Jewish population of Palestine was reduced to an estimated 50,000 living at the not too tender mercies of approximately 500,000 Arabs. The Balfour Declaration of 1917 was England's recognition of the loyalty of many Jewish leaders to the Allied cause, and of the age-long dream of the Jewish people of their ultimate return to their ancient home. From that day to the present, Jews from 67 different countries of the world, speaking twenty or more different languages, have entered Palestine to swell the population of its present 2,000,000 people. It is not generally known that included in the population are over 200,000 Arabs, Christian and Moslem, living in peace and security, in their own villages and sharing space with Jewish fellow-citizens.

Just since 1948 which marked the establishment of the State of Israel and also the beginning of the Jewish-Arab war, approximately 900,000 refugee Jews have entered Israel. At least half of these have come from Arab countries; others from European and Asian countries where they were victims of religious intolerance. Few of them were farmers, mechanics, laborers, or smelters because of occupational restrictions which traditionally had been placed upon them in European countries. Before Hitler, there had been sixteen million Jews in Europe, at least ten and a half million of whom were independent tradesmen, artisans and professional people.

These, then, were the people who as pioneers in a new and hostile land, were to dig the irrigation ditches, terrace the hillsides, till and water the desert, lay the pipe lines, build the factories and cities and do all these things while, figuratively and literally, keeping at their sides the weapons of defense. It was our privilege to visit a kibbutz, Sidot Yom Kibbutz near Caesarea. This was one of the oldest of the Kibbutzim in Israel, and we were conducted on our visitation by one of the officials who had spent many years there in the struggle with the near-desert land from which the village operations have been wrested. Six hundred people occupy the village, work the highly productive fields, man the village's two fishing boats which rested upon the shore of the Mediterranean in full view of the houses, and engage in excavating in the Roman and Phoenician ruins which had been discovered in the area. Modern farming machinery and an increasingly modern housing plan, were the direct returns of the profits in their combined ventures because no person receives wages, or collects dividends for his

effort in these strictly communal enterprises. We were to see, in passing, several of these kibbutzim in various parts of the country. The land, in our estimation, as the most striking symbol of the spirit of Israel in that it exemplify industry, self-denial, imagination, and teamwork to an unsurpassed degree.

What are now known as the Plains of Yezrael, appear as another symbol of the promise that is Israel. Early in the 1920's Palestinian Jews bought from Arab landowners thousands of acres of malarial swamp-land, with funds raised by Jewish agencies throughout the world. The venture was looked upon with wonder and some contempt by others. Hadn't this land been known by generations of Arabs as the "Valley of Death"? Hadn't malaria decimated the land to the degree that only those stayed who couldn't escape? Were these Jews crazy?

The swamplands were drained, the land was tilled, and today it is called the "Breadbasket of Israel" because of its fertility and its productivity. Over fifty thousand acres of such lands have been drained and made to bear fruit. Nearly 6,000 acres of mountain land has been terraced and planted in trees--trees for retention and rebuilding of soil, trees for lumber, olive trees and citrus trees; everywhere in Israel one sees this kind of reclamation project. Now plans are afoot and work begun, to bring water from the Jordan-Galilee area through the full length of Israel, to the Negev, where soil tests indicate more arable soil that may be reclaimed. And we remembered the bleak, rock-strewn hills and the infrequent fields throughout the countryside we had just left. We remembered also the fertile, amply watered lands of the Kile valley, but this memory carried with it our impressions of the mud huts, the ill-kept children, and the archaic farming methods which were wasting so much of the potential of that beneficent land. We remembered these things because they epitomize that which lies at the core of conflict in the Middle East.

Two other visits presented pictures which bear some relevancy to this last observation. The town of Nazareth is a community of 22,000 people, 98% of whom are Arabs. Twelve thousand of the Arabs are Christians, the rest Moslems. This was the first place in the middle east where we saw many, many clean and apparently happy children. They were coming from school, swinging their books and shouting in happy exchange, just like children in any western land as they find release from the confinement of the schoolroom. Compulsory education in Israel is a real and serious thing. Our second impression was gained in a visit to a village of Druze, a sect of Arabs who have forsaken the way of orthodox Mohammedanism, and have embraced elements of Christianity and Judaism, with their Moslem faith.

In their mountain-top village, again we saw cleanliness, movement, happiness, and a dynamic quality which we had missed in Jordan and Egypt without realizing that we had missed it. We were received by the handsome, college-trained young Kamal Mansour and by his father, the headman of the village. In their pleasant homelike living room, we exchanged views and ideas of farming methods, human relations, education, and other polite subjects. We were given a brief history of the Druze people, and a warm comforting picture of the relationship of their 20,000 adherents, with Israelis among whom they reside. Their young men fought willingly with the Israeli forces in the 1948 unpleasantness with the Arab armies, and in our presence they pledged their continued support of the land they claim as their own. Their village maintains a public school toward which they contribute 40% of the cost; 520 children in this village of 2,200 souls being students in the school. We saw their animals and equipment; and as we descended the mountain, we saw their well-worked fields in the fertile valleys from which they derive the comfort and independence which was theirs.

These and other observations in the magic land of Israel, caused some of us to ponder. Obviously, these examples would tend to explode the theory entertained by many, that it is impossible for Arab and Jew to live together in peace and unity. It is being done! Orthodoxy in religious observance may exert influences toward intolerance, yet we saw the communities of Nazareth and Acre where orthodox Jew and orthodox Moslem Arab were living harmoniously and productively. What can be the benign influence operating in these instances; or conversely, what is it that is lacking in those areas from which we had just come, where we had found such bitterness, such hostility and warlike talk. Could it be again, as in so many periods in man's turbulent history, that personal ambition, opportunism and political expediency, have caused the seeking out of the scapegoat as the single way of awakening envy, greed and hatred among an ignorant people?

Could it be again, that such base appeals represent the only remaining rallying call that can be employed to influence a people who have yielded up their faith, hope, initiative as a result of centuries of cynical exploitation by their leaders?

The socio-political experiment that is Israel gave to many of us a new light and a brighter vision of man's creative genius and his cooperative talent; the realities of the Arab-Jewish conflict left us depressed, bewildered, but furious at the stupidities which continue to thwart generations of man in their quest for the fuller, peaceful life. Is there a chance that intelligence and reason will have an opportunity to thwart the

drive toward war that seems to motivate the leadership of the Arab world? Can it be possible that the ideological crusade of the East and the economic interests of the West will permit this area actually to spark a third, and possibly last world war? One of our great leaders of the 19th century, Lord Palmerston, once said, "The East is the setting for man's final war of destruction. War, reason? The Bible says so! The Middle East may be in truth the laboratory in which man may finally combine the elements leading to his total destruction; or in which he may find the simple formula for enduring peace which his scholars and priests have sought for centuries.

ISRAEL - GREECE

In attempting to recount the happenings in our tour of the Holy Land, members of the Intercultural Travel Seminar will remember many incidents and personalities which have not been recorded in these brief articles. In Israel particularly were there so many memorable experiences. For instance, the village of Acre, once known in ancient history as Ptolemais, was an interesting spot in which reside 20,000 people, approximately 4,000 of whom are Arabs. In this area was the ancient land of Canaan, the land traversed by Paul in his travels, and the cradle of the Bahai faith which claims so many adherents in the United States.

Nearby is the unique Dolphin House, a completely modern hotel erected by a scholarly but highly efficient businessman, Norman Lourie, who responded to the call of Israel across continents and oceans. The scion of a wealthy South African family, Lourie came to Israel to make his contribution to Zionism and to impart some of the great wealth of knowledge with which he had been endowed. In addition to the building of a profitable hotel business in this out-of-the-way place on the shores of the Mediterranean, he is waging a one-man battle against the desert. Step by step, almost yard by yard, he is growing grass, trees, flowers and other plant life upon formerly arid land into which he is introducing the life-blood of Israel, water. His interesting lecture to our group embraced the early history of the region, and the excavations nearby which are bringing to light many interesting relics of Phoenician civilization. He spoke of the early days of Israel's peace and war, and of the rapidly accelerating pace of his people's victories over what had been an inhospitable land. And, he spoke of the things he expected to accomplish in his single-handed fight against Nature in the comparatively small battleground he had carved out for himself. He is a strong man, an imaginative and intelligent man, and a man dedicated to a task that to him is exciting and gratifying in the extreme.

Such a person, too, is Aba Chosky, Lord Mayor of the thriving industrial and port city of Haifa. Once a longshoreman and active labor leader, he is giving to Haifa the kind of administration that aspiring candidates always promise but seldom fulfill. Haifa is built upon a sharply sloping hill rising from the harbor to an elevation of several hundred feet. One gets the impression, looking at it from the harbor or from the distant plain, of seeing a Grandma Moses painting in modern setting. It seems that every house and apartment building stands out in bold relief; in reality it is possible, from a particular vantage point, to see nearly every part of this unique city. It is strictly zoned into industrial, commercial and residential, and no exceptions are made to the zoning regulations. Its people have come from 49 countries of the world, bringing many languages and customs. The city's housing plan, however, permits no segregation or ghettoizing of any of these people who come from the backward Eastern countries and who lack the culture of their more sophisticated fellow-citizens from the west. By complete integration in the apartment block centers, and the shopping, recreational and cultural facilities with which they are provided, all elements in the community are taught appreciation of their fellowmen.

Operating upon a practical philosophy which has the blessing of the most advanced social scientists, Mayor Chosky has sold his community to the belief that money that would be spent attempting to correct evils, is better spent preventing their occurrence. Haifa had a growing problem of juvenile delinquency, in common with most sophisticated centers of world population. A study showed that more than 50% of all delinquents came from well-to-do homes where the family life had experienced deterioration. Within three years, eighty playgrounds and fifteen youth centers had been built. The harmony that had been lost in the disintegration of families, was substituted by the city which invited these youngsters into participation in the musical life of the community. Instruments and instructors were provided; musical units of all sizes and descriptions offered and formed; the youngsters, normal and troubled alike, responded with such enthusiasm and full participation that a delinquency rate of 15.6% in 1953 is now down to 4.5%.

Similarly, the mayor recognized the problems of the older citizens, the same that exists in all modern communities. Loneliness and idleness, purposelessness and unhappiness travel hand in hand where people over sixty are left to their own devices, forgotten by family and neighbor. Chosky promoted country-wide tours for these people, bringing them together in a new, exciting enterprise. This has been followed by the creation of approximately fifty garden spots and rest nooks throughout the city, which the Mayor labels "generators of smiles". "What is the secret of your spotlessly clean streets" the Mayor was asked. Simple. The Mayor can be seen at five o'clock on any morning, in any part of the city, observing the operations of his sanitary squad. They have learned to expect him--and to do their work thoroughly.

Within the brief period of one short week, we saw so many places that were names taught to us so reverently years and years ago. We visited the Church of Annunciation where the Angel Gabriel announced to the Virgin Mary the nature of her Holy destiny; we saw the place which tradition says was the humble carpenter shop of Joseph, the home of the Holy family; we stood upon the slope where was delivered the Sermon on the Mount; and looked out upon the Sea of Galilee from the portico of the Church of the Beatitudes. While in Jordan, we drew vials of water from the River Jordan for some of our devout

Protestant friends at home, and bathed in the bitter brine of the Dead Sea. In Israel, we bathed in the fresh waters of the Sea of Galilee and were buffeted by the surf of the Mediterranean. In Jordan, we looked with deep reverence upon the spot where the Christ-child was born, and into the tomb where His tortured body was laid. In Israel, we gazed with awe upon the remnants of the Dead Sea Scrolls which had just been opened to public view; toured the campus of the school-in-the-making which is the impressive Hebrew University; and visited with the head of Technion, the thoroughly modern technical school which is producing Israel's new generation of engineers and chemists. In Israel we observed no bitterness nor hostile spirit; we saw no signs of poverty that whimpers and begs, nor of dirt or unkempt appearance except that which came from honest labor; we felt no compulsion to count our change a second time after a purchase; at no time had we been warned against pickpockets or exploiting taxi-drivers, as had been the case in at least three other places on our itinerary. In a recent issue of the Christian News in Israel, a Christian clergyman is quoted as saying, "Israel is the only country which follows the Master without professing Christianity". Of all the lessons to be derived from the Holy Land of today, perhaps this is the most profound.

From Israel, it was but a short flight to Athens, Greece. We fear that the outstanding impression we shall retain of this city of energy and charm, is the memory of the noisiest trolley car in the world, which persisted upon thundering into our bedroom window every fifteen minutes of the night. Actually, however, we found Athens and its people to be warm, friendly and interesting. Somehow, the ancient Grecian ruins were anticlimactic after Egypt and the Holy Land. The perfection of Grecian sculpture, however, was breath-taking in its effect upon us. Also breath-taking was the hair-raising ride along the precipitous cliffs bordering the Aegean Sea, on the way to the historic little town of modern Corinth. Here we saw that impressive engineering feat, The Corinth Canal, dreamed of by a succession of ancient rulers including Caesar, Hadrian and Nero, but actually constructed in 1890 by a Greek construction company. Calling for a cut through solid rock of 250 feet from ground level to water level, for a distance of four and a half miles, it connects the Aegean Sea with the Gulf of Corinth and the Ionic Sea, itself but an arm of the greater Adriatic Sea to the west. The canal is important to us in America, as just one more link in the chain of friendship which the Marshall Plan has proven to be. During World War II, the invading Germans destroyed the bridges over the canal, and sank several vessels in the deep, rock-walled chasm of the canal, making it completely useless to the Greeks, and adding great burdens to their over-taxed shipping facilities immediately after the War. Only recently has the canal been reopened and the bridges rebuilt, through use of Marshall Plan loans. Throughout Europe, we heard words of highest praise for the United States because of the helpfulness and the dignity this plan represented to our neighbors in need.

We met one interesting personality during our brief visit in Athens. He was Bishop Pantaleimon, Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of Athens; a friend and former travelling companion of Athanasios, and a member of the Patriarch's official family. He is a native of Albania which today is a satellite of Soviet Russia, the Bishop being a refugee from his native land having once been condemned to death by the Communists. He told us of his experiences, both as a leader of this flock in Greece and as a former fugitive from the godless hordes of Communism. He, too, had a deep faith in America and in her role in leading the rest of the world to freedom.

When asked what message he would like us to bring to America, he said, "Tell Americans to help us eliminate Communist domination of the Church in Albania." "America is just and strong", he said, "in all our appeals for help, next to God, our voices are raised to the people of America." This was said quietly, completely without dramatics, and with something of the depth of feeling that we experienced in a similar talk with his highest earthly superior, the Patriarch of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

ROME

As citizens from the newest parts of the world, members of our Intercultural Travel Seminar had had an opportunity to see some of the oldest parts of the world. We had seen the man-made ruins of Berlin, Munich and Vienna; the ruins caused by the slow, natural disintegration of old, uncared-for housing as in Istanbul; the remnants of one of man's oldest civilizations as in Egypt and Palestine; and the glorified ruins which today serve to mark the beginnings of Western art and philosophy, as in Greece. A quiet, partly hidden sense of shame seemed to pervade the ruins of Germany and Austria, and the deterioration of Istanbul, but in Egypt, Palestine and Greece, they were displayed proudly and profitably in the carefully preserved areas in which they had been segregated. In Rome, however, one has the feeling that the ruins dating from the times of the Caesars had been invited into the family of present day structures; that they were not sequestered or segregated as if from another world or another era. The ruins of Rome seem to be natural, participating parts of the gaiety that pervades the air of this charming city.

Here for the first time we saw tourism at its highest peak. Wherever we went, there were hordes of tourists--tourists from Germany, from France, from England, but outnumbering all, tourists from the United States. Here too, we saw traffic as it roared, swerved, plunged and darted in all directions and at breakneck speed, like no place in the world unless it be in Istanbul. Those of us from the Atlantic seaboard who considered ourselves traffic-wise after occasional jay-walking excursions into New York, felt like the greenest of yokels when it came our time to cross a Roman downtown street.

Trading upon an old friendship, we were instrumental in presenting to our group a citizen and former city official of Newark, New Jersey, the Honorable Alexander J. Matturri, United States Conciliation Commissioner in Rome. Commissioner Matturri, a former Commissioner of the Newark Housing Authority, rolled out the red carpet of welcome for us and with the enthusiastic aid of his charming wife Dorothy, made our visit in Rome one of our most pleasant memories.

We were given the rather unusual privilege of meeting our new United States Ambassador to Rome, the Honorable James D. Zellerbach, who had just returned to his office after a series of very demanding diplomatic visitations. He had been highly receptive to the idea of greeting us, because he had served for a number of years as an important lay member of the National Conference of Christians and Jews' official family in New York. He displayed a great deal of interest in the nature and extent of our travel experiences, and in our concern with the state of tension we had observed in the Middle East. From the Ambassador's chambers, we retired to a large conference room where we met a corps of America's first line of international spokesmen, the chiefs of the several sections of the Embassy. Langdon Collins, First Secretary of the Embassy and Deputy Chief of the Political Section, was the first of these to give us highly interesting sidelights of Italy's political problems, particularly as they may have significance to our interest abroad. He pointed out from the beginning, that the industrial or economic potential of a nation, has much to do with its political interests and trends. Italy is one of the have-not nations, having neither coal nor iron; possessing a land long and narrow and divided by a long mountain range, which increases its transportation problems; and having comparatively little cultivable land to provide food for its fifty million people. The psychological wounds left by two World Wars have not been healed, and political schisms and conflicts are the inevitable results.

Dr. Francis Deak is an economist attached to the Embassy as chief of the Economic Section. He was author of the statement that Italy has the most complex economy in Europe, despite which it has made the second best economic comeback since World War II of any nation in Europe. Italy is about the size of California but must support its 50 million population, as compared to California's fifteen million. To give such support, Italy must export 90% of its meager coal resources, all of its petroleum, copper, cotton, and a large part of its foodstuffs. Its total gold reserves are limited to the degree that the nation could become bankrupt in one year of adverse circumstances. Nevertheless, with technical and financial aid from America and her European neighbors, Italy has returned from a completely shattered economy in 1945 to a point where the lire has been stabilized and her index of production has more than doubled in the past seven years.

These harsh economic facts served to emphasize the implications of Mr. Collins' earlier references to the ever-present danger of neo-Fascism on the one hand, and Communism on the other, as each attempts to capitalize upon the fears, insecurity and poverty of the Italian masses.

Our briefing session in the conference room of the Embassy gave us the privilege, also, of meeting Robert Menninger, chief of the service organizations for Americans abroad, the Consular Service; William Waterman, head of the Administration section, and the one who must do the worrying when Congress cuts budgets of our embassies and consulates; and Morton Glatzer, a ranking officer in the United States Information Service, whose job it is to acquaint the Italian people with facts about America and Americans.

Members of our group marvelled at the wealth of information that had been made available to us in such a comparatively short time, and commented upon the competence of

this staff of career diplomats upon whose alertness and dedication so much of America's destiny depends. We were profoundly impressed with the high calibre of representation which is ours in the sensitive nerve center of the world which Rome has become.

Our first usage of the title, United States Conciliation Commissioner, did not give an understandable picture of the duties and responsibilities of our host, Alex Matturri. A description of this job made the more naive ones among us realize that wars usually are a long time in the making, and as long in erasing signs of their destructive capacities and repairing the damage done. World War II terminated twelve years ago, but the Conciliation Commission, composed of American and Italian representatives, is still seeking the causes of damage to personal properties, and finding ways in which to make reasonable reparations to the thousands of private citizens whose claims must be weighed and adjudicated. Alex Matturri has been at the task for three years, but has achieved one very gratifying reward in having found and married the beautiful and talented young Chicagoan who was studying voice in Rome, and who made her operatic debut in that music capital of the world.

We had an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the charming Mrs. Matturri, and to renew our friendship with Alex. In addition to the time spent with him in the Embassy, our group was invited to cocktails in their beautiful, hilltop villa outside the city of Rome. And, as perfect hosts and hostesses are prone to do, they presented us with the pleasant surprise of having present several fellow-citizens of New Jersey and New York who were in Rome. Some were there studying music, and eagerly responded to the Matturris' invitation in the hopes of meeting a prominent member of our party internationally known for her contribution to the field of music, concert artist Dorothy Maynor. Unfortunately, Dorothy and her husband, the Reverend Shelby Rooks, had made an engagement earlier which prevented their joining us on this occasion.

Nevertheless, we who were from New Jersey experienced great delight in meeting Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lerner of Millburn, who were visiting in Rome. We have seen Mrs. Lerner in group meetings in the North Jersey area at different times in the past. We also met Sam Steinman formerly of Somerville, who is Rome correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune. At one time, Sam was associated with Alan Weisenfeld in the Labor Mediation work for the State of New Jersey. Now, he writes one of the very popular columns in the Paris edition of the Herald-Tribune. Our farewell dinner in Rome was also our farewell to the Matturris, at least, until their return to the States on leave during the coming winter months.

From Rome, our itinerary took us to Geneva, Switzerland, affording us the unforgettable experience of gazing down upon the snow-capped peaks of the Swiss Alps. Any trepidation we may have felt in viewing the rugged terrain below, was lost in the newness and excitement of seeing rivers of glacial snow and ice winding down narrow valleys; observing the finest details of a sharp mountain peak which may have taken days and days of lung-splitting effort to reach by intrepid alpinists; looking upon a tiny toy village nestling in a deep, almost unreachable valley below. Even this was not enough for one day's sensations. For the mountains suddenly began to recede, and over the brow of the approaching elevation which now could not merit the dignity of being called mountain, we saw the massive bowl with the blue mirror at its center, which is Geneva and its beautiful lake.

In Geneva, we saw what had been the headquarters of the late president of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, one of New Jersey's most distinguished citizens of the past. These buildings and other reminders of the ill-fated League of Nations effort stayed in our memory as we visited the United Nations Buildings and the offices of the World Brotherhood movement which is so closely allied with the Conference of Christians and Jews. It seemed perfectly natural, that in the mountain vastness of Switzerland where peace has reigned for so many generations, the continuing effort should be made to find the formula by which all the world could share in the blessedness of such peace.

Even though Paris was to be our last port of call in Europe, many of us felt that Geneva represented a fitting climax to our six-weeks venture in better human relations. We had seen some of the world's greatest tension points, of the past, present and of the future. We had talked with many eminent persons, most of whom had dedicated their lives to God and their fellowmen; but some of whom were disciples of hate, envy, and the lust for power. Here in Geneva, we were seeing the monuments to undying hope which man continues to erect in the cause of brotherly love and peace. Although, during the course of our journey, we had been assailed by doubts which suggested a kind of futility in all this, we nevertheless have been given insights, and with them a sense of knowledge, that the world's drift toward self-destruction can be and is being forestalled. The lives of many great and good men are gilt-edged investments in the cause of peace, and they shall not be wasted.